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heroic Colonel, shaking off the fumes of the drug, staggers to the gun and aims it by the light of the moon at the whizzing Zeppelin overhead. The fate of England hangs upon this one shot, and the reader knows that no shell, but the fair Martha herself, is in the breech. What is going to happen? (This is the nearest approach to a problem permitted in the new fiction.)

Bang! By the rays of the moon the delighted reader perceives not Martha but Popherintski speeding heavenwards! Being well soaked in petrol, he presently bursts into flames. He hits the Zepp a sickening smack, and the next moment, with a terrific explosion, the gigantic airship hurtles earthwards, the form of its pirate captain heading the descent. It is Magstein—he has been precipitated!

The explanation is as simple as it is ingenious. Randolph and Aunt Seraphina, noticing a faint sound of sobbing in the gun, have rescued Martha and substituted Popherintski, who, unfortunately for himself, was discovered gloating in the vicinity. The petrol Aunt Seraphina was carrying to remove stains from bandages, so that everything is accounted for perfectly naturally. And, needless to say, on the finger of Martha gleams an engagement ring.

To complete the close parallel between the Emancipation and the Precipitation, the latter incident would be retained, except that the news which gladdens the gallant Colonel's eyes is the intimation that he is now a K.C.B. and Randolph a D.S.O.

J. STORER CLOUSTON.

*From Blackwoods Magazine, London.*

## A FRAGMENT

A new anecdote of the Kaiser may not come amiss. When he was a boy of some seven years of age, his mother, wishing to improve his English, sent for Dean A. (a divine well known to her), and asked him to undertake Prince Wilhelm's education for a little while. The Dean, when he knew the boy well, spoke with compassion one day of his withered left arm. The Prince's eyes fired. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "but it's not my sword arm!"